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## UTAH'S HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT TO COMING OF PIONEERS

(Continued From Page 18)

Yutas," a tribe of Indians whose heavy boards gave them the appearance of Spaniards.

**Encountered Snow Storm.** Thence they proceeded to the Beaver river and on October 5th, they encountered a severe snow storm, which in large measure decided the question of pushing on to Lower California. It was determined to return to Santa Fe by the shortest route.

They camped near Minersville, passed through Cedar valley and followed down the Rio Virgin into Arizona.

They crossed the Colorado river November 7th, and reached Santa Fe January 2, 1777, after traveling 1,100 miles. No doubt the report Escalante furnished supplied the data which resulted later in establishing the "Old Spanish Trail."

**Eastern Eyes Turned Westward.** It will be seen from the preceding that Utah's only points of contact with Spanish civilization were Santa Fe and Los Angeles, one the eastern and the other the western terminus of the "Old Spanish Trail," but about 1823 another nation, the Americans, began to be interested in Utah.

St. Louis was the western window through which the English speaking people of the United States looked out upon the Rocky Mountain coun-

try, the greater portion of which was Mexican territory.

It was in 1822 that General W. H. Ashley organized at St. Louis his expedition of nearly 100 "enterprising young men" to hunt for furs in the Rocky mountains.

To call the roll of Ashley's little army is to mention the names of Jim Bridger, who built Ft. Bridger; Jedidiah S. Smith, for whom Smith's Fork is named; Andrew Henry, whose name is given to Henry's Fork; Etienne Provost, for whom the city of Provo is named; David E. Jackson, whose name the trappers gave to the valley where they often held the annual rendezvous; the Sublette brothers, H. Fareb, Robert Campbell, Edward Rose and many others of the most daring spirits of the expanding west.

**Spent Winter in Fort.** The expedition of 1822 made its way up the Missouri and after many encounters with the Assinibolins and Blackfeet Indians, spent the winter in a fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The first party was under command of Henry and was joined the next year by Ashley with 100 more men. The expedition had trouble, ending in severe fighting with the Arickaree Indians.

**Reached Big Horn Valley.** Part of the expedition with Ashley

returned to St. Louis, but Henry and about 80 of the men advanced up the Yellowstone to the Big Horn country. Some of them spent the winter in the Snake valley and some under Provost came as far west as Cache valley.

**First Americans to See Lake.** This was the party of which Jim Bridger was a member, and he, in the winter of 1823-1824, followed down the Bear river and was the first of the Americans to see the Great Salt Lake, of which the Spanish priests had been told in 1776.

In the spring of 1824, Provost and a large party of his men went as far south as Utah Lake. Here they were invited to a conference with a treacherous band of Utes and 17 of them lost their lives.

**Followed Platte River.**

Ashley, meanwhile had recruited another party in St. Louis and this time came west by way of Council Bluffs and the Platte river. On reaching the Green river, he remained there over the winter and with a small party he, the following spring, started down the river to explore it. His boat was wrecked and his party cast ashore at the mouth of the river that has since been named for him. He commemorated the event by inscribing on a rock near at hand, "Ashley, 1825," an inscription that Powell mentions as still existing forty years later.

**Followed Uintah Basin Route.**

After this disaster he led his party west, following closely the route through the Uintah basin, traveled by Escalante in 1776. Provost and his men met him somewhere in the Uintah country and conducted him into the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

They explored the country as far south as the Sevier river and lake, which they named for Ashley.

That same spring Ashley and his reunited force met up with Peter Skene Ogden, a Hudson Bay fur trader, somewhere in the vicinity of the present location of Ogden City, and by some shady transaction succeeded in getting away from Ogden an immense

amount of beaver fur, valued at from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

It required 50 horses to pack their furs across the country to the Big Horn river, from whence they were transported down the Yellowstone and Missouri to St. Louis.

In 1826, Ashley again came west. He brought with him over the South Pass a six-pounder cannon, mounted on wheels, which was the first wheeled vehicle to enter Utah. The cannon was finally placed in the fort he was supposed to have built near Provo.

On July 18, 1826, at a point "near the Grand Lake, west of the Rocky mountains," probably at or near the present site of Ogden, Ashley sold his fur trading business to Jedidiah S. Smith, David E. Jackson and Milton Sablette. Ashley returned to St. Louis, where he died in 1838.

Of the new firm of Smith, who was the ruling spirit, he took a party of trappers down through Utah and Nevada to California and returned in 1827 to meet his partners "near the Salt Lake." That summer he again returned to California and came back by way of Oregon and the Columbia, meeting his partners at "the three Tetons," on the upper Snake river.

Soon after the business was sold to the Rocky Mountain Fur Co., of which Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick and Milton Sablette were members.

**They Drank Too Much.**

In 1830 it was said that the American trappers again fell in with Ogden near the lake and by the use of liquor, disbanded his trappers to such an extent that they secured an immense amount of fur for practically nothing.

During the next ten years the history of that part of Utah in the vicinity of Ogden is the story of the adventures of fur traders and trappers, in which occur the names of Bridger, Vanez, his partner in the fort he built on Black's fork, Weber, after whom an important river was named, and scores of others.

Ft. Bridger was built in 1843, and

soon after Miles W. Goodyear built a trading post on the Weber river in the present limits of Ogden City, probably just north of Twenty-eighth street, and about 100 yards from the river.

In 1843 John C. Fremont and his party entered Utah from the north and explored the lake. The next year he returned from California, passing through Utah over the Spanish Trail.

Fremont visited Utah again in 1845, and made further explorations on the lake, but did not come as far north as Ogden. That same year nearly 600 emigrants passed through Utah on the way to California, according to General Bidwell's estimate, and in 1846 the number was about 2,500.

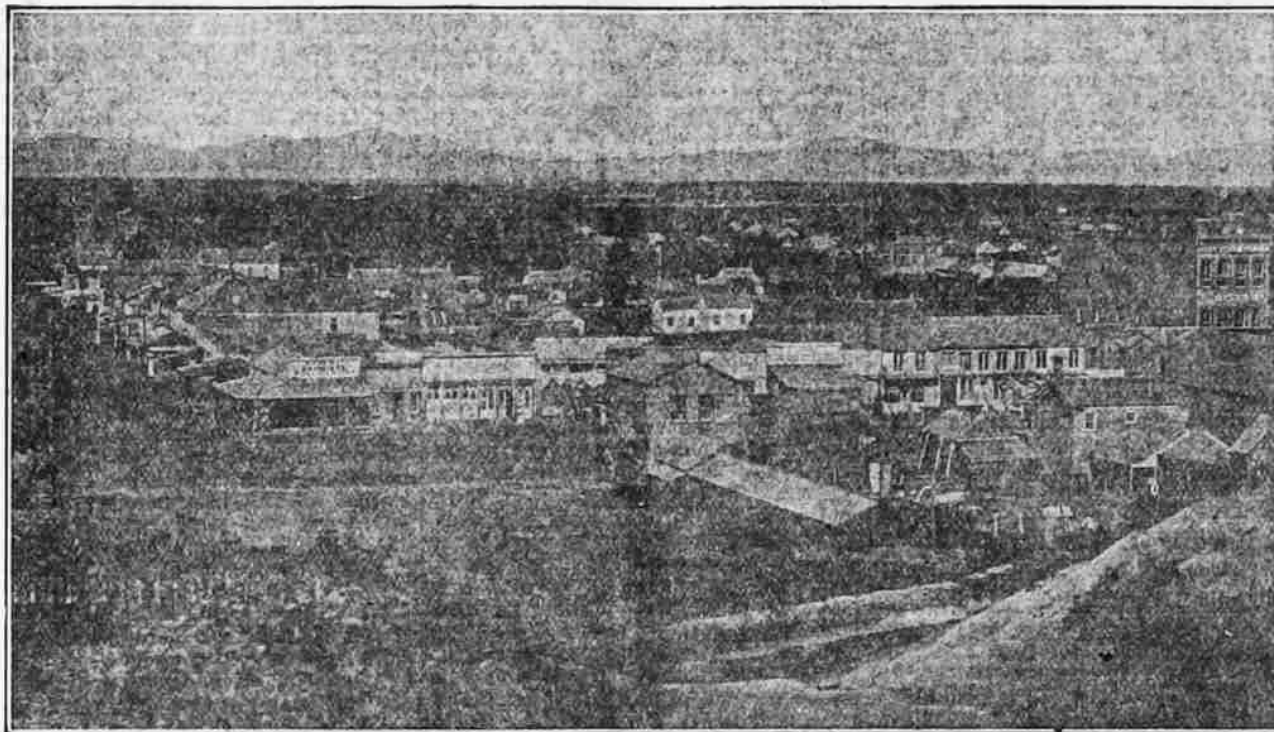
The same year the Donner party built the road which changed the route into the valley to Emigration canyon.

**Utah Pioneers Arrive.** In the year following, 1847, came the Utah Pioneers, and also an increased emigration to California and Oregon, and in January of 1848, Miles W. Goodyear sold his holdings on Weber river to Captain James Brown, of the Mormon Battalion.

**SLEPT SOUNDLY IN A GRAVE**

Stories of watches and wizards, ghosts and goblins and others of the character that make the hair of the superstitious stand on end, or start cold chills running up and down the spine of easily impressed childhood are related as a part of the history of the experience of the Utah pioneers in their travel across the plains toward the setting sun.

Although not a pioneer himself, Rufus A. Garner, assistant postmaster,



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is full of such stories, the same being handed down to him by the passing generation who were either members of the original hand cart companies, or so closely identified with them that the experience the first settlers had were theirs also, having heard them repeated in story form so often.

"Several years ago," said Mr. Garner, "I became acquainted with a man named C. A. Hinckley, who was a driver of ox teams, having made several trips across the plains under the direction of Brigham Young. Returning with a party of Latter-day Saints, who formed one of the Hand Cart companies, the company camped for the night along the La Platte river in eastern Wyoming. That section of the treeless state was known as the cholera district, many persons having perished there from the disease in previous trips toward the Salt Lake valley. It was late in the spring season and the wagons being crowded, the men chose to sleep on the ground. They had become enured to hardships through their long experience in the open, and to sleep on the soft grass with no other cover except that of a stormy sky, was considered the most comfortable way of reposing and tended to preclude the possibility of contracting coughs or colds, so common in the present way of living. Although still in his teens, Hinckley chose to sleep out with the men. He figured that since the responsibilities of a man had been imposed on him and which he accepted without reluctance, entitled to classification with the men of mature years.

"A short time after the sun had gone down, and others in the camps were lost in slumberland, Hinckley was awakened by the cold. He arose and sought a place of shelter. He did not wish to disturb in any of the other sleepers, either in the wagons of those

lying on the ground about him. Con-

sequently he searched for a place in the open that would afford him some shelter from a high wind that had suddenly come from the west. After about a half-hour's groping, he spied a dark space in the ground between two knolls a short distance from the wagons. He crawled into it and not heeding the dismal howls of coyotes soon fell sleep, when he awoke the next morning found he had slept in the hollow of a sunken grave. He knew it was a grave for the bones and the skull of a human being were lying about him."

"Hinckley could never get over that experience," said Mr. Garner. "Every time we met on the street, he would repeat the story of me saying, 'Wiel' I thought I was dead once, having slept in a grave and also got a good square look into the skull of the man, who preceded me there. The cold chills still run up and down my spine every time I am reminded of that night of peaceful slumber."

HOW THEY DID IT.

Two married women were having a chat, and, as usual, the conversation veered around to the expense of living.

"It's really awful how the rise in prices has affected us!" said one sadly. "Why, do you know that my bills for clothes this year are exactly double what they were last year."

"Goodness!" gasped the other. "I don't see how your husband can afford it."

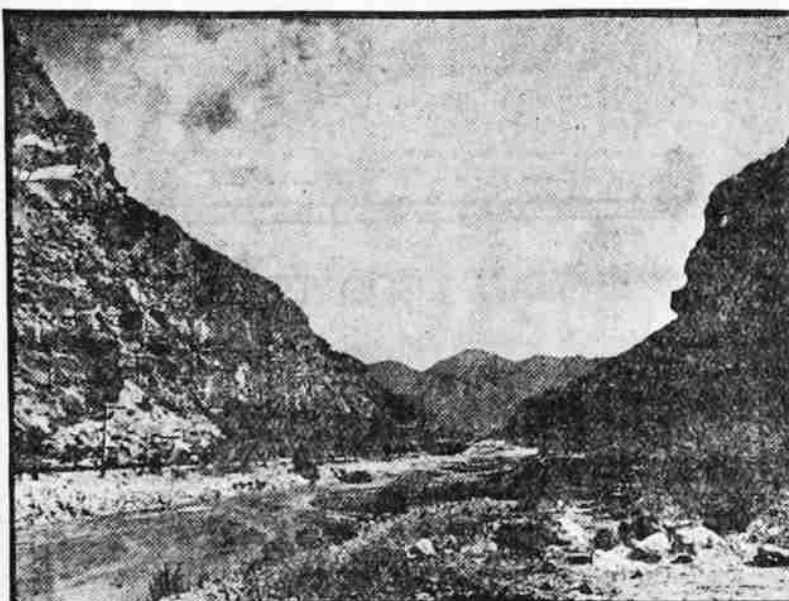
"He can't," replied the first calmly. "But, then, he couldn't afford it last year, so what's the difference?"—Argonaut.

For peeling oranges there has been invented a curved piece of bone with a nick at one end to cut the skin.

# THE SALT LAKE ROUTE

ELEVEN YEARS OLD LAST MAY

By Howard S. Nichols



The Salt Lake Route, short cut from the great Inter-Mountain Empire to Southern California with its wondrous beauty, romantic history, many gay beach resorts and its deep sea commerce, was completed eleven years ago. The first regular trains were operated May 1, 1905.

In these eleven flying years filled with imagination and achievement, the West has changed as if by magic. The old Mormon Trail over lonely wastes to the Pacific shores, is now a pathway of steel running through a land of prosperous towns and cities, splendid farms, fabulous-lych mines, handsome orchards and well-stocked ranches. Utah, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, and California have developed wonderfully and this is just the beginning.

The transformation will be much greater during the next eleven years as the news of opportunities in the West spreads further and further, as the powerful cumulative effect of the extensive advertising carried on by the Salt Lake Route and many others is felt throughout this territory, and as the nation sees the success of the far West. The cry "Back to the Land" has been growing louder and louder each year in the cities and those venturesome vigorous men and women who made homes in the West

years ago, will before they expect it, see the complete realization of their dreams of settlement, much of which has already been accomplished.

The trail from Utah to Southern California was blazed in 1851, when the almost prophetic vision of Brigham Young, then president of the Mormon church, caused him to dispatch a well-equipped expedition across the dreary plains and bleak high mountains to settle in the rich fair land by the Pacific. The Mormon expedition successfully made the long journey with horses and wagons and selected San Bernardino as a town site. It is now called "The Gateway City" to the southland, is noted for its beauty and prosperity, and is the starting point for the famous 101 Mile Drive On "The Rim of the World," a surpassingly fine motor trip over a fine public highway along the ridges of lofty mountains affording great vistas of the orange groves on one side and the desert on the other.

Years passed. Dusty old Mormon Trail. Settlements were few. Then ex-Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, the Master Miner of the West, and his brother, J. Ross Clark, a Los Angeles financier, determined upon the mighty project of building a railroad 780 miles long from Salt Lake City over the old Mormon

Trail to the tidewaters of the Pacific at San Pedro, now Los Angeles Harbor and a part of that city. Great were the difficulties and heavy the costs but the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad was built in spite of all obstacles and was built in the most substantial manner known to engineers.

At the end of the first fiscal year June 30, 1906, the gross earnings were \$1,747,766 according to F. A. Wann, general traffic manager. Today in eleven short years the gross earning for the fiscal year ending this June are \$11,224,591. Such has been the development of traffic over the new line through a virgin wilderness. This remarkable advance has been made despite the fact that floods washed out the railroad annually until 1910 and that much time and money were lost until the roadbed of 78 miles through canyons was lifted completely onto the New High Line far above the reach of swollen torrents at a cost of over \$5,000,000. Giant

concrete abutments and vast retaining walls beneath the surface of the stream and dry channels and huge steel girders, now guard the roadbed above. Today the Salt Lake Route is one of the most secure of our American railroads from wash-outs or delays.

Salt Lake Route freight trains are operated on regular schedules like passenger trains and through merchandise cars are operated daily from Chicago and the Missouri river in connection with the Union Pacific system.

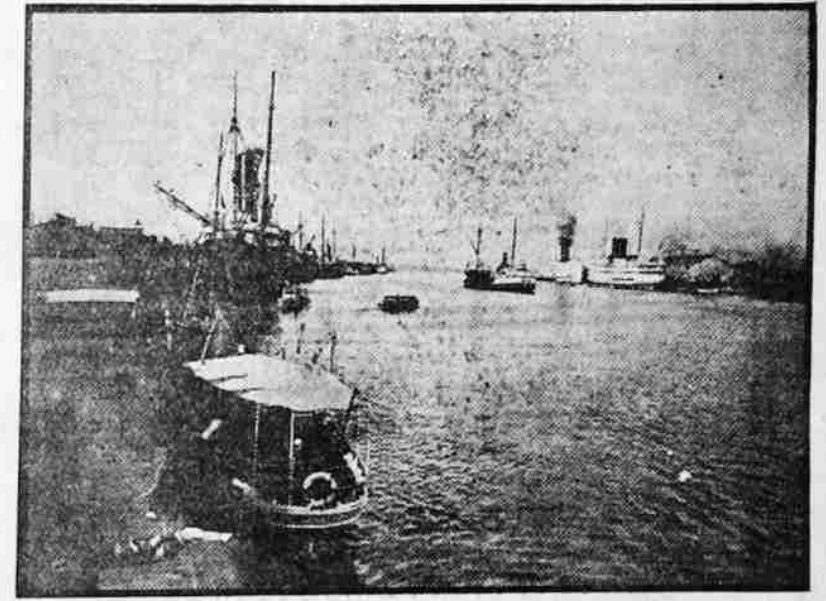
Cargoes to and from foreign lands are loaded and unloaded at the great deep water wharves of the Salt Lake Route in Los Angeles Harbor, where big ships lie alongside the freight cars and cargo booms swing tons as easily as a child's fingers lift a pencil.

No passenger have been killed in train accidents in nine years on the Salt Lake Route, says H. C. Nutt, general manager, and the record is one to be proud of. Four hundred

thousand dollars are now being spent on additional block signals for Safety First is a Salt Lake Route slogan. This year the road is spending a million and a third dollars for betterments.

The passenger service is not only as safe as human ingenuity can make it, but it is exceedingly comfortable and satisfactory. Elegant modern cars with every convenience, heavy rail laid on a smooth perfectly-ballasted track, and powerful engines combine to make the trip to the coast an interesting and pleasant ride. To quote T. C. Peck, general passenger agent and veteran traveler, "The ride on the Los Angeles Limited is being in a hotel on wheels." Rather different from that old trail the sturdy Mormon pioneers trod in 1851.

Each summer brings more people to the cool seaside resorts of Southern California with their invigorating sun-bathing, fishing for game fish, pleasure palaces and gayeties for the American public is



learning that although the south-land is delightfully warm and sunny in winter, it is also cool and refreshing in summertime. There are six plain reasons for this natural phenomenon, six reasons easily understood if one but stops to think. First, there is the latitude; second, the vast Pacific ocean always in motion with its cool tonic winds; third, the peculiar fact that whenever the temperature begins to rise in this region, the humidity is squeezed out of the air by dynamic pressure as one wrings water out of a sponge; this is of vast climatic value to Southern California as it eliminates the possibility of muggy stifling weather which is sometimes experienced in the central and eastern states; fourth the wonderful velo cloud of California, called the high fog, which regularly appears in the summer forenoons and screens the earth from the sun's rays for several hours thus preventing an excessive heating of the surface; the Spaniards call it "El Velo de la Luz del Sol" the veil which hides the light of the sun; fifth, the great air draughts caused by the rising of hot air in the interior valleys and deserts which sweeping upward makes room for a rush of cool air from the seaboard as invariably as the sun rises and

sets; and sixth, the varied picturesque contour of the land itself with its mountains, foothills, passes and valleys, lying along the seashore and inviting the air currents to constant activity.

I make this explanation of Southern California's extraordinary climate upon the authority of Dr. Ford A. Carpenter, author and meteorologist U. S. Weather Bureau, Los Angeles, so you may understand why one can plan bathing parties or outings a month in advance in this unusual climate, and why the summer is as delightful as the winter time.

The Panama-California exposition at San Diego is even greater this year than last, for it has been enriched by innumerable splendid exhibits of foreign countries, art collections and private exhibits from the San Francisco exposition and the wonderful floral beauty has increased of course with the added time so that today it is perhaps the most alluring fair of fairs, overlooking the Harbor of the Sun. Such is the country at the other end of the Salt Lake Route today, and such perhaps is the vision Brigham Young and his far-sighted counselors had in 1851 when they sent the first Anglo-Saxon settlers, it is said, into Southern California.